[illegible]

J. H.

'Neath alien skies, I mourn for him I knew,
The bellow singer of my earlier day,
The hand is cold who wrote the [illegible] lay
Of lov'd Acadia; bold he was and true,
To Britain's heritage, our pride and boast;
Poet, Historian, whose just pride
Was in each Valley, Mount and Coast,
And scored the Soul who would that fame deride;
May none reproach his name nor closely scan
His faults, for who can Judge save One,
Who knows the secret, inmost heart of man,
And all his strivings here beneath the sun,
May his fame brighten with the lapse of years,
Friendship but gives the Eloquence of Tears.

W. [illegible]

Malden, Mass., 108 Porter street.

From the Globe

Thomas Howe

POEMS

5712.

H. Cotton

AND

New Brunswick

SONNETS,

BY

WATTEN SMALL.

Where is the beauty, love and truth we seek,
But in our minds."—SHELLEY.

ST. JOHN, N. B.:
GEO. W. DAY, PRINTER, 4 MARKET STREET.
1866.

DEDICATION

TO JAMES HANNAY.

As a testimony of esteem and friendship these Poems are inscribed by his obliged and sincere friend,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Many of the Poems and Sonnets here presented to the public have already been published in the local papers, and will therefore not be entirely new to the reader. For his own convenience and for the benefit of his friends their author has seen fit to have his published pieces collected together in a small volume and some other compositions added which have not hitherto seen the light He claims no particular merit for these pieces, and does not hope by their means to establish any reputation as a poet. They have been composed in moments of leisure snatched from the time devoted to the labors of the desk, and their imperfections must be excused by the reader in consideration of the haste and the unfavorable circumstances under which they were written.

THE ARTIST.

An Artist in his studio mused,
With pensive mien and thoughtful eye;
He gaz'd upon the setting sun,
And then upon the glowing sky;
Till all entranced by future hope,
And visions of a brighter day;
An image rose upon his mind,
He thought the pencil could portray.

He long had dream'd of future fame,
But now his mind fresh courage took;
Like that which youth receives from hope,
Before the heart a care can brook;
A moment o'er his spirit came
A spell of strength he deem'd divine;
With throbbing heart and nervous frame
He bowed his soul to labor's shrine.

No sacrifice to thought he made,
To hold in mind this image fair;
But unto God his eyes he rais'd,
That he would answer all his prayer,
And give him hope and faith and skill—
Such as the great alone can know—
To battle with all seeming ill,
Through doubt, despair, through fear and woe.

From early morn till eve he wrought,
In hope and joy, in doubt and fear;
And oft his soul an impulse caught
From friends in youth whom love made dear;

But still the ghost of dark despair
  Would visit oft his sadden'd mind;
Till burden'd o'er with grief and care
  He found no joy in human kind.

Oh! then how sad his spirit felt
  When it of hope was all bereft,
While at the shrine of faith he knelt
  And long'd for quiet peace and rest;
It came to him in slumbers calm,
  Refreshing to the weary frame,
A soothing remedy and balm
  Unto his restless fever'd brain.

At last the shadows of the soul
  Beneath hope's beams now melt away;
He sees the bright reward and goal
  Which will his care and toil repay;
He labors with a steady hand
  To give his fair creation birth;
Ideal gem from beauty's strand,
  More dear to him than aught on earth.

How like a bud beneath his eye,
  It slowly to perfection came;
Alas! but beauty even will die,
  And labor will be spent in vain;
He doubted now his strength of mind,
  The palette, brush were thrown aside;
The dreams of hope and joy combin'd
  Were nought to that the soul denied.

The painting uncompleted stood,
  All had been done his art could do;
He gaz'd on it in sadden'd mood,
  As lovers when they breathe adieu;

Who loth to part, spell-bound remain,
  Unconscious of the parting hour;
Till memory wakes her magic train
  From grief's dark shadow'd hour.

In anguish and despair he took
  The brush and daub'd the picture o'er;
All strength of will the soul forsook
  And left him as in grief before;
His mind inadequate to bear
  The image which it had possess'd,
Was sunk in apathy and care,
  And long'd again for peace and rest.

How restless seem'd his spirit now,
  All thoughts intense his soul had fled;
A heaviness was on his brow—
  A pallor as becomes the dead;
The image which his soul had formed
  Was but a passing summer's dream;
No thought its beauteous being warm'd,
  The life, the soul of every theme.

Oh! Poet Painter, know thou this,
  'Tis strength of thought that bears the prize;
Allied to patient labor is
  The triumph of the great and wise;
Rush not to action till you think,
  Tho' beauty charms the spirit's eye;
Thought is the great mysterious link
  Which joins the soul to God on high.

Trust not to fancy's magic court,
  But pay respect to reasons's throne;
Illusive forms there dance and sport,
  But truth is here and truth alone;

She ever dwells in strength with thought
  And both are one in right divine;
All lofty spirits here have brought
  Immortal treasures to her shrine.

ASPIRATIONS.

How infinite do all things seem
  In nature, when we vainly hope
To trace all things throughout their scope;
  The shadow rests, and we but dream.

It is but glimpses which we see
  Of the Eternal, the Divine;
Vain longing for the golden time,
  When death reveals all mystery.

Doth death reveal? Oh! let us hoard
  The truth, as misers do their store;
  On Faith's swift wing we mount and soar,
Till in the end we gain reward.

But, ah! 'tis vain to hope and dream,
  This form of clay confines the spark;
  While we go groping in the dark,
Our senses veil'd as with a screen.

Only at times the spirit mounts,
  Divested of this garb of clay;
  But soon the vision fades away
Which lured us to the Eternal founts.

They lead us on, we hope to soar,
  Faith's garments trailing in the dust;
  But hope and love of worldly lust
Are idols which allure us more.

In vain to hope, in vain to taste,
  The wisdom of that perfect love,
  Which ever cometh from above,
And waters all life's desert waste.

In vain we strive to comprehend
  The scheme of the Eternal one;
  Day follows day—the seasons run—
Evil and good on life attend.

The lives we live are incomplete—
  They are not perfect, nor can be;
  These souls of ours are never free
From earthly dross which clogs the feet.

'Tis vain alike to think and write,
  The more of thought that in us dwells;
  But proves how weak the soul to tell
The mystery of nature right.

The strongest minds are prone to muse
  On what God never will reveal;
  The weak have not the power to feel
His glory, and this life abuse.

It is a noble thing to die,
  But nobler far to lead a life
  Free from all passion, sin and strife,
With chastity and virtue nigh.

We can but labor here below—
  Think, write and toil, the lot of all,

While sunbeams rise and shadows fall;
And days alternate come and go.

The noblest life that man can lead
Is that of perfect love and truth,
Obedience to the dreams of youth,
Faith in each honest thought and deed.

Farewell my heart, the day declines,
A golden sunset crowns the sky;
Thy toil is o'er, thy rest is nigh,
So fold away these idle rhymes.

UNDER THE LILACS.

Under the lilacs you and I
Sat in the slumberous summer's eve;
When the sunset burn'd in the golden sky,
And brilliant hues around did weave;
A gorgeous light to enchant the sight,
Recalling visions of past delight.

Do you remember that summer fair—
That holy hour, that blissful time,
The odor of flowers perfumed the air,
And thou my love in thy youthful prime;
When life to the ardent spirit seems
An entrancing spell of blissful dreams.

In my hand thine own was fondly clasp'd,
And with tender eye I gaz'd on thee;

We thought not then of the saddening past,
  But the happy future yet to be,
Which shone in golden colors bright
Under the spirit's enchanted sight.

Once more we sit in the shady grove,
  But the waning light of that day has fled;
Time on pinions unseen doth move,
  And numbers still the living and dead;
All things are chang'd save thy own lov'd face,
And the charm which lingers round the place.

Oh! there are feelings which never die,
  And hopes which will live beyond the tomb,
Enshrined in the soul of memory;
  In another world like flowers to bloom;
In a fairer paradise than ours,
When love shall lead the golden hours.

TO MARIA.

I bring no flowers of verse to thee,
  This offering poor is all my own;
  Despise it not, on love's fair throne
'Tis plac'd; and may'st thou ever see
The emblem of a love, as pure
  As sainted anchorites of old,
  As strong as misers for their gold;
And ardent in its truth sincere,
And growing stronger every year,
  That even absence cannot lure

It from the dreams of early youth,
When in its innocence and truth,
  Hope smiled upon it calm and pure;
There's nothing mightier than love
  When guided by the moral sense,
  Tho' in its fervor most intense,
Yet guided with faith from above.

My star is set in passion's sky,
  And thou the angel watcher there;
  And I would have thy every prayer,
Because love's safe with virtue nigh.

You do not know how much I love,
  'Tis more than language can express
  It it indeed expressionless,
And boundless as the realm above.

What mighty strength there is in love;
  You do not know how much I owe
  To thee in all the mind doth know
What fields of thought the mind doth move
Though gathering beauty in its path;
  And gaining strength and freedom too,
  As birds which sail the empyrean blue,
Or storms descending in their wrath.

An impulse grows upon me now;
  A yearning thought, a wild desire
  To cultivate the muse's lyre,
And bind the laurel to my brow.

This would I do, but not for fame,
  'Tis but a thought that dwells in thee;
  For love as boundless as the sea
Cares nothing for an idle name.

Which fools scoff at; wondering how
  This being into power grew;
  And what his state, and form, and hue;
From whence he came all to avow.
Lady, scorn not these idle rhymes;
  Perhaps we may again oft meet,
  To hold lov'd converse and to greet
The joy you take in all my lines.

A beauty dwelleth in the soul
  Of those of fine impulses form'd;
  To take delight and to be warmed
By nature as her seasons roll
Around the globe, from year to year,
  From spring to winter, in the time
  Of each we learn how to incline,
The soul to cultivate, fond hope to cheer.

And thou art form'd to take delight,
  In nature and in books of thought;
  And this congenial taste has brought
My soul to thee, thou bad'st me write;
Thy love and beauty taught me this;
  Thy influence doth color all
  The future, and I willing fall
Before the shrine where beauty is.

Seeking inspiration found in thee,
  And singing on my lonely way;
  Avoiding paths which lead astray—
The paths of dark iniquity;
The culture of all moral truth,
  Of intellect I learn of thee;
  And this the muse's theme should be,
If it would be the guide for youth.

Farewell till next again we meet,
  Weak is my eloquence of love;
  This song, alas! will tr ly prove,
That words are nought but vain and weak.

SUSPIRIA.

Fold the hands and close the eyelids,
  For the long day's work is done;
Now retire in peace and gladness,
  Wake before the morning sun;
Learn to prize, thro' grief and sorrow,
Contentment for each coming morrow

Every day doth bring its labor,
  Care doth linger on our way;
We have need of hope and patience,
  Faith to teach us how to pray
For exalted trust in heaven,
That all sin may be forgiven.

Fold the hands and close the eyelids,
  Be content with all the gain
That in virtue thou art making;
  Banish all remorse and pain;
Still ask for strength, O heart, to fight
With lusts that blind the soul's pure sight

BY THE SEA.

The melody of murmuring waves,
  Is sweet to hear upon the shore;
When the sky is blue and calm and clear,
  And Nature opes her treasured store,
In this delightful month of June
When flowers are wafting sweet perfume.

How clear the waters sparkle round,
  Like diamonds glistening in the sun;
Upon the air their comes no sound
  Save waves that murmur as they run,
And break upon the barren shore,
As they have done long years before.

'Tis sweet to linger on this spot,
  Far from the city's noise and heat,
And hold communion with the forms
  Of Nature in her own retreat,
And feel that man is not alone
While she doth rear her boundless throne.

O! restless heart, be calm and still,
  And feel the influence of this hour;
Let no disturbing passions fill
  The soul that now doth own the power
Of all things beautiful and fair
Which fills the sea and land and air.

O! Sea, thy ceaseless ebb and flow,
  In storm and calm, when winds are high,
Is like the deep, immortal soul
  Which oft may change but never die;
Through cycles of unending time
'Twill live in a far fairer clime.

'Tis Nature's scenes inspire the soul,
  And teach far more than words can tell,
This truth while still the ages roll
  The poet oft doth know full well;
Who can with mind interpret right
The scenes which gladden mortal sight.

In solitude we learn to feel,
  How mighty is that power divine,
Who rules o'er all the land and sea,
  By laws which cannot change with time;
He knows the toil—the strife for power
Which waste alike life's little hour.

And here beside this wild sea shore
  Thoughts roll like waves upon the mind,
I think of all life's scenes liv'd o'er
  So fraught with grief and joy combin'd,
While sad emotions swell the heart
And cause the pensive tear to start.

For here upon the smooth sea beach
  I walk'd with one long years ago;
A *dear, dear* friend, whom I still love,
  Whose voice was mild and soft and low.
We roam'd in childhood hand in hand,
And gather'd shells upon the strand.

And voices come upon the ear
  From out the wave's low hollow moan,
The friend of youth to me most dear,
  In fancy calls in tenderest tone,
Entranc'd I gaze with thoughful eye
And seem to hear each fond "good bye."

Sweet visions of the past arise,

Of love and mem'ry, hope and joy,
When in lov'd childhood's happy days
I wander'd here a careless boy,
And swam, 'mid waves and breakers wild,
While loudly roar'd the swelling tide.

Time hastens on, but Nature still
Is ever beautiful and fair;
This shore, each vale, and murmuring rill
Are dear to me beyond compare;
The soul may travel on its way,
But memory hallows time's decay.

CHRISTINE.

She never told her love,
Tho' her heart was full and warm;
Her guileless modesty conceal'd
The thoughts that could alarm—
The throbbings of her breast,
If she fond love could speak;
And thus had grief prey'd on her heart,
And stain'd her damask cheek.

Alone by the lattice
She watches the twilight grey,
While the closing shadows are deep'ning
Over the hill and bay.
She strains her eyes to see
A speck on the waters bright;
'Tis her lover's bark with full spread sail,
Dim vanishing from sight.

Away from the window
  She turns with sadden'd mien;
All hopes of love have fled with him,
  The idol of each dream:
That cheer'd her simple heart,
  In love's communion sweet;
But grief now preys on that lone heart,
  And stains that damask cheek.

Alas! alas! for them,
  Who love, yet fear to tell,
The thoughts which linger in the breast,
  Ere fond hearts bid farewell.
Oh! many an hour of woe,
  'Twould have saved to thee, Christine,
Had'st thou reveal'd thy love to him,
  The idol of thy dream.

What idol memories now
  Will float through thy fevered brain;
And in the eye will deep grief lie,
  The past a chalice of pain.
Enough for thou to know,
  The realities of fate;
That hope still dwells within the heart,
  Tho' it be desolate.

Oh! many a day and year,
  Have fled since that parting hour;
And summer flowers have bloom'd and died
  In the vine clad bower.
'Tis the autumn of her grief,
  And memory's tears do flow;
'Twere well, Christine, could you forget
  The dreams of long ago.

IMPROMPTU VERSES.

Welcome! welcome! how do you do!
  One and all kind friends to-day;
Long the time since our last adieu,
  Changes have come, yet our hearts are gay;
Old faces look bright this wintry morn,
  Gladness and joy do chase each fear,
No feeling aught save this is born,
  To greet the joyous glad New Year.

Happy I feel to see you here,
  Tell me all of the news to-day;
Was Laura May engag'd this year,
  Who was it eloped with Maggie Gray?
Be not so silent, pray speak out,
  How dull these tiresome visits seem,
I hope you have not got the gout,
  Or suffering from the horrid spleen?

Your faces do belie your souls,
  I thought you all in humour gay;
But there you sit in silence meek,
  Joy has frightened your wits away;
You boast how many calls you've made—
  How many hearts admire your style;
Poor silly men, I'm half afraid
  You star'd at nothing all the while.

What, off again, and that so soon,
  Pray wait and taste our Christmas pie;
I ask it as a grateful boon
  For all your speeches in reply.
How many fine things have you said
  To cheer this hap[illegible] fastal time;

Alas! I fear the fossil dead
  Would put to shame these souls of thine.

She wav'd her white and lily hand,
  A twinkling laughter in her eye;
They bow'd obeisance in command,
  And only spoke a tame "good bye."
Once in the room her mirth rang out
  In chorus to the jingling bells;
How mirthful was the laugh and shout,
  Which died upon their mute farewells.

IN MEMORIAM.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MARY.

And thou art gone in youth's lov'd prime,
  Unto the happy home above;
Fond brothers—sisters mourn for thee,
  The idol of their fondest love;
But hope is here, it looks beyond
  The narrow prison-house of clay;
'Twill comfort still the hearts that mourn,
  In Faith they'll see thy form alway.

O! cherish'd one, beloved by those,
  Whom friendship early doth endear;
The link is broken and we mourn,
  Remembrance claims a falling tear,
For sorrow doth recall the past,
  The pleasures of the fading year—
When thou wert in the bloom of youth,
  With loving friends beside thee here.

The spell is broken, joys have fled,
  The past is like a summer's dream; —
We mourn for one call'd home to God,
  While all things are not what they seem,
The shadow of a darkened grief
  Stole o'er upon all hearts that day;
When thro' the winter's sombre gloom,
  We bore, alas, thy pall away.

How transient is life's little hour,
  The flower that blooms soon fades and dies;
This life is like the changing hues
  Which crown the winter's sunset skies;
While death is but the closing veil
  Drawn o'er eternity and time;
We soon shall wake to view at last
  God's promises of love sublime.

And let us hope that thou art blest
  Among the starry choir above;
Who round the bright Eternal Throne
  Do sing of gladness and of love—
This thought alone will soothe the grief
  A parent's heart doth suffer here;
'Twill mitigate affliction's ills,
  And stay the sister's falling tear.

The year, the year is on the wane,
  Meet time to take a last farewell
Of one, no more of earth now known,
  While solemn tolls the funeral bell;
O youth is sacred unto death,
  When snatch'd away in life's lov'd bloom,
The unfading crown 'tis thine to wear,
  Beyond the cold and cheerless tomb.

VERSES.

Oh! sing, my love, that song again,
And let its numbers wildly float;
It will soothe the heart's deep pain
Softened in each tender note.

Once I heard it long ago,
Lov'd one by thy gentle side;
Ere a shade of grief or woe
Did with thee and me reside.

Once again prolong its strain,
O, I love the tones full well;
Visions float before the brain,
Haunted by its magic spell.

There are other songs you sing,
Still more pleasing to the ear;
But this sweet strain oft doth bring,
Memories of days still dear.

STAR OF THE WEST.

Westward shines the bright pure star
Of our future fame and story;
Pilgrims coming from afar
See its shining rays of glory.
Here upon this land untrodden
By oppression, want and woe,
We will build a history brighter
Than the teeming East can show.

Not through war, and strife, and rapine,
  Shall America be crowned;
Peace will guide the years of triumph
  As they speed in honor round.
'Tis not kings or royal baubles
  That doth make a nation strong;
Nor doth war improve the people;
  Virtue can not flow from wrong.

Here beneath the sky of freedom
  We will shout the anthem free;
Souls are here to teach us wisdom,
  Faith and love and loyalty!
Shout the anthem of our country
  Till the choral strains prolong,
O'er the vallies, hills and meadows
  In a flowing tide of song!

Westward ho! the exile crieth
  As he sees the star on high;
Guiding him to where it shineth,
  In the occidental sky;
Welcome! cries he in the morning,
  From the water's dark expanse;
To the eye is thy bright gleaming
  Like a lover's ferwid glance.

Westward ho! cry Europe's minions,
  And the wise in thought and speech;
Let us leave these proud dominions,
  And a nobler lesson teach.
We are sick of slavish customs,
  And the crowded cities vast;
Where all laws bow in obeisance
  To the dead and storied past.

Westward ho! the bright star gleameth,
  In the starry heavens bright;
'Tis a symbol which now seemeth
  Prophet of the future light;
Which shall shine resplendent ever
  O'er the world in future years;
Bright tho' cruel hearted tyrants
  Bathe the earth in blood and tears.

Here a noble creed is taught us,
  And the soul of man is free;
Knowledge—science still doth guide us—
  Equal laws and liberty.
May no despot e'er rule o'er us,
  May no gilded throne be seen;
Away with sainted pomp and folly,
  Knowledge is the power supreme.

We will make the present ever
  Shed a glory on the past;
Wealth will flow like a full river,
  To the ocean shores at last;
And the star we love will brighten
  This wide world from shore to shore,
Knowledge—wisdom still increasing—
  Adds its store to buried lore.

WINTER SONG.

Old Winter is a brave old carle,
  Wrapt in his mantle grey;
He comes and brings along good cheer
  To us, his kin, alway.
The frozen North oft welcomes him,
  Clad in his old device;
Both old and young do wish him joy,
  When bounding on the ice.
CHORUS—Then hurrah! for merry Winter,
  And all the joy that's near;
  With clanging steed and skates of steel
  We hail the glad New Year!

Old Winter is a brave old carle,
  We love him as of old;
When round the fireside rang the shouts
  Of songs and stories told.
The brimming bowl we quaff to him,
  And banish all past care;
He comes and makes our spirits glad,
  The poorest know his fare.
CHORUS—Then hurrah! for merry Winter,

Old Winter is a brave old carle,
  His songs and jests are known
Wherever voices swell the board,
  Or music lends its tone;
We greet him as a well known friend
  Beside the cheerful hearth;
With ringing shouts our voices blend
  In happiness and mirth.
CHORUS—Then hurrah! for merry Winter, &c.

ALBUM VERSES.

The hour has come, and we must part,
From scenes our youth held dear;
Ah! sorrow's tears too soon will start,
Yet stay thy presence here.
Or if thou go, receive I pray,
This parting tribute now I send;
From one who never did deceive,
But ever is thy loving friend.

Alas! that love and friendship meet,
And at the end no parting sweet;
To stay those pensive tears that rise,
And soothe the heart with fond replies.
Of hope a beacon from afar,
That ever bright and shining star,
To guide us through this vale of tears,
A cloud, a sunshine marr'd with fears.
Alas! for the fond dreams of youth,
Tne days of innocence and truth;
When first I learned to love thy smiles,
Thy pleasing ways and artful wiles;
That won my soul in passion free—
The music of love's minstrelsy.
Those days are past, those scenes are gone,
Yet back upon the mind they come,
Like some long lov'd forgotten strain
In power to lull all earthly pain;
A requiem for those spirits fled,
A prelude to those voices dead;
While in my soul all, all will be,
They'll live within my memory.

And at this moment now I feel

A spell that binds the soul to thee;
Thoughts in the mind I can't conceal,
But oh! wilt thou remember me?
And when again our souls shall meet,
Two hearts in unity to dwell;
Do thou in fond affection greet,
The one who bids thee now *farewell*.

SONNET.

What joy pervades the good old Christmas time,
When all around the family board are met,
And grief and fear are chain'd to cold regret,
Because we love sincere; our souls incline
To meek respect, forgiving all past wrong—
And petty jealousy which harbors care;
Then only is the past a sweet, sad song,
While mutual love descends in prayer.

This is the season when hearts grow in love.
And peace her milk white wand of hope extends;
When entranc'd lovers and devoted friends
Are strong in faith which time can ne'er remove;
This time of peace should oftener come on earth,
When souls are made so happy by its birth!

A PORTRAIT.

Fair art thou in the pride of youth,
Fairer still in the garb of truth;
Fond hope, peace, joy and love divine
Are lights which in thy soul do shine;
Illumining that brow so fair,
Where no trace lies of grief or care;
But where an angel look is seen,
Unearthly, placid and serene.
Like some calm lake whose waters clear
Reflect the sky and foliage near;
So thy pure soul in beauty drest
Shows all fond love within thy breast;
While hope, peace, joy, like stars do shed
A ray of glory round thy head,
And bids the heart to own a sigh
So fair a child of earth should die.
I gaze with rapture on that face,
Where naught of passion has a trace;
The waving locks of golden hair
Which float upon that neck so fair,
Resembling wreaths which twine alone
Round columns of the marble stone.
The eyes blue as the heavens above
Seem like two liquid wells of love,
Whose soft expression doth reveal
The tenderness it can't conceal;
And like a star in beauty glows
In summer's sky, when evening throws
Its solemn gloom o'er all the earth,
Like that which gave creation birth.
The cheek so round, so soft, so smooth,
Doth well become the years of youth;

So radiant with beauty's hue,
Can aught be fairer now to view?
'Tis like the bloom upon the peach,
Surpassing all the powers of speech;
Or like the sea shell's tint, whose home
Is where old ocean's billows foam.
Beyond the power of Poet's art
To tell how much belov'd thou art;
The form on which the eye alone
Doth call in fondness all its own;
So full of majesty and grace,
Beyond the Sculptor's skill to trace;
And chastely form'd like Magdalene—
Fair vision of the prophet's theme.
How pure a child of earth thou art,
Thy beauty doth entrance the heart;
And bids me hope thy life may be
Alike from pain and sorrow free.

STANZAS.

Alone, alone by the sea,
Where the mighty waters roar;
I send my thoughts to thee
In the lov'd New England shore.

The dark wave doth divide
Thy soul from my soul's view;
But neither storm nor tide
Can stay my soul from you.

The stars which nightly shine,
But image to the view;

The past when thou wert mine,
  Ere yet love bade adieu;

All joy I feel is thine,
  Thou art a part of me;
And hold that spell divine,
  Which cannot parted be.

In truth what stronger is
  Than love, pray who can tell?
No thrilling joy save this,
  'Twill live till Time's farewell.

A DIRGE.

What change has made the place so drear?
  Ah! why the cruel question ask,
When she, the loved, low lieth here,
  Her beauty all a pale, cold mask.
The tresses sweep the polish'd neck,
  And float o'er all the bosom's snow;
The hands are cross'd; no more she'll reck
  The world's cold slander, grief or woe.

Place flowers round the chaste cold bier
  Of one in life who loved them well;
She only sleeps, and will appear
  Once more to chide our sad farewell.
O, sorrow most affects the heart
  When summer reigns in glorious bloom;
The soul, in youth, doth inly start
  From thoughts allied unto the tomb.

But let her sleep, why should we mourn,
  Since life is but a little day;
We shall again to her return
  When all of earth has passed away.
So draw the curtain gently by,
  And gaze no more upon the dead;
From her shall come no fond reply
  To all the tears that love may shed.

STANZAS.

"*Broader and deeper must we write our annals.*"

Our star of empire gleams on high,
  Its rays refulgent shine afar,
A glorious light in freedom's sky;
  And may no gloomy tempests mar
The brightness of its shining rays
Throughout the length of future days.

Lo! here we stand and watch and wait
  For light to guide the future years;
All former rancour, strife and hate
  Is lost amid forgotten fear;
A glorious future dawns on high
Of grandeur, wealth and liberty!

O! Statesmen! now to you is given
  The power to make a nation strong,
As any favor'd under heaven!
  The clime of wild romance and song,
And loyal hearts free, true and brave,
Who spurn that might which would enslave.

Here dwell the sons of patriot sires,
  The offspring of a noble race;
Who keep alive lov'd freedom's fires
  And spurn the tyrant face to face,
Who e'er should trample on or bind
The hopes of the immortal mind!

Then wave on high the standard now
  Which oft has wav'd in days of yore;
Exult sons of the mart and plough
  For Union from the farthest shore
Of this our country to the Isles
Where old Pacific weeps and smiles!

A bright day dawns on this our clime,
  Which soon shall usher in the light
Of grandeur, greatness, wealth sublime,
  The power to love and aid the right;
We shall not linger in the rear
When progress dawns upon each year.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country, 'tis a glorious land,
  Majestic, noble, free;
Where float through every vale and grove
  The airs of liberty.
Her forest, rich with wealth unbought,
  But wait the sons of toil,
To beautify and deck each scene,
  And reap the promis'd spoil.

Here rise the hills and vales we love
  With beauteous verdure crown'd;
And rivers flowing to the sea
  With teeming wealth unfound;
Here Nature holds her silent reign
  O'er forest, vale and rill;
And blesses him who humble toils
  With patient heart and will.

God grant that this our land may be
  Kept free from faction's wile!
That no ambitious souls may strive
  Her freedom to defile;
Or sully with seditious hate
  The honor of our name;
Still to our Country's flag we cling,
  And will preserve its fame.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Thy spirit, Wordsworth, lingers yet abroad,
  In nature, and the walks of lowly men,
  Who take delight in all thy humble pen
Hath here recorded; thou wast sent from God
  A gifted soul with eloquence divine,
  To teach to man, in simple homely rhyme,
The love, the joy which nature gives; the sod
  Of lov'd England is hallowed by thee,
  And pilgrims come across each stormy sea
To bow before thy shrine; the scenes you trod
  Through ring with thy much loved and
    honored name,

And daily grows thy wide increasing fame,
Of thee—who loving nature sung of God!
Praise to thy name, oh! gifted poet seer,
Who did'st exalt philosophy in verse;
Thou art in truth fond contemplation's nurse,
Tho' critics may deride thee still, and sneer;
Though simple was thy song, yet virtues rare
And manifold were taught by thee; thou art
One of the wise of earth, thy loving heart
Was meek, and sacrificed to prayer.
The noblest virtues dwell in noblest hearts,
With passion power most often is allied;
But not with thee, thought dwelt apart, and wide
From all low desires and all base born arts.
The love of Nature, and thy simple life
Glow in the themes which thou did'st sing so well;
The sports of boyhood, and of youth doth tell
In verse which rings with magic beauty rife.
The lakes, the mountains of thy native clime
Have by thy verse been glorified in song;
Each scene in nature thou did'st study long—
The beautiful, terrific and sublime!
O, wise recluse, much do I learn from thee
In verse, that seraphs might have sung above,
Of Hope and Faith, meek charity and love,
Which charmed our noble land of liberty.
This humble tribute to thy shrine I bring,
'Tis all this idle moment now can give;
But know that still thy memory will live
As long as thought exists and poets sing.

LINCOLN.

Lincoln, thou art worthy of a nation's pride,
  Let narrow souls and false dissemblers sneer
At all thy acts of justice done, far and wide,
  Thy fame will dwell throughout each future year.

Truth, virtue, honesty, and power is thine,
  Thou rulest in unswerving love of right;
Tho' bribed corruption darkens the glad time,
  When liberty unveils her torch of light.

And proud rebellion lifts its gorgon head
  And smiles upon the evil it has done;
States robb'd, and power destroy'd, the pallid dead
  Who fought that truth's loved cause might still be won.

Work on, true patriot, in God's righteous cause,
  Proclaim his liberty throughout the land;
By wisdom guided, and just equal laws,
  Then truth and honor will walk hand in hand.

All revolutions tend unto reform;
  From out of evil good doth often come;
The past is but the present; nations are born
  To fight for justice till the cause is won.

Truth, virtue, honor, love of nobler creed,
  Doth bid thee fight against unrighteous men;
The world is wiser—holier for each deed,
  When souls of strength cry out amen! amen!

TERCENTENARY ODE ON THE BIRTH OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

With loud acclaim our voices raise
In praise of him the immortal Bard;
Whose song will live throughout the days
Of future years. Oh, let us guard
His honor'd name and keep his memory pure
and bright,
While thought exists, till time is lost in ever-
lasting night!
O soul sublime! great sire of song;
Power and beauty, all were thine;
Thou wert most near unto divine,
Among all men; let scorn and wrong
Heap their vile epithets upon thy name,
They cannot lessen thy wide wondrous fame,
Which widens with the years, to whom thou
dost belong.
Rise our voices high,
In deep tones to the sky;
There are few powers save thine
In Poesy sublime
Who give us joy. We wisdom learn
Of thee, who did'st in truth discern
The secrets of the human breast—
Its wants, desires, and passion's wild unrest.
O, best interpreter of Art divine,
Embodiment of Genius wild and strong;
The type of Virtue's pure and sacred song;
Thou hast the world's great love e'en to this
time.
Our hearts o'erflow with praise,
And language vain doth raise

Its wealth of words in honor of thy name;
We only here can speak
In words most poor and weak,
In praises of thy great eternal fame.
Thou wield'st a power more strong than prince
or king,
For thee alone the Muse essays to sing;
And inspir'd prophets of thy noble task
Approach thy shrine, to learn of thee and ask
For inspiration from thy godlike page,
The wonder still of each succeeding age.

Dark was the hour when first thy star arose,
And yet thy soul saw through the coming years;
Fair Liberty was vanquish'd by proud foes,
The minds of men all clouded o'er with fears,
The fears of Superstition dark and wild,
And ignorance, her long neglected child.
But thou did'st rise
A king 'mong men,
Endow'd with power divine;
With thoughts most wise,
With Angel's pen,
Great lessons taught for time.
A noble palace did'st thou rear
Of thought, imagination, here;
Which feeble souls in vain conceive,
To understand and comprehend;
Thy Ariel did not better weave
A subtle charm than thou that lend'st
To art a magic we believe.
Thy fancy shone in colors bright
Thy wit scintillant as the night,
When phosphor o'er the water plays
Beneath the Moon's unclouded rays;

Thy judgment was most ripe and strong
While Music charm'd thine ear to song;
And made thee Nature's wayward child,
And all thy loving soul beguiled;
With all her solemn mysteries,
In all her mountains, caves and seas.

O sing unto his name,
Great heir of earth-born fame,
Which will not die nor pass away;
How much we love
That star above,
Which through the nights of ages stray.

Shout again in nobler strain,
We are made nobler by his song;
This day o'er every hill and plain,
And cities vast, they praise him long,
Who to all nations do belong;
But chiefly England thou dost love,
Thy favor'd son who trod thy soil,
And labor'd in the common toil
Of those who found a home above.

He drew his breath upon thy sod,
Was matur'd by thy very air;
When daisies deck'd the Spring's cold clod,
And Avon's lonely banks were fair
With violets and sweet wild flowers,
Which ope their buds to April showers.
O Poet seer! O Prophet wise!
Thy truths are many, and thy verse
Oft in delight do we rehearse;
A strength, a beauty in it lies,
Which captivates the soul to truth,
The soul of manhood, age and youth.
Our country's lyre was never strung

Till Shakspeare took it up and sung;
Nor was her glory e'er so known,
In tones so wondrous wild and deep!
Reveal'd by his great strength alone,
Then will we not his mem'ry keep?
Who swept the chords of Nature's lyre
Until Genius did expire;
Enraptur'd, madden'd by its tones,
Which charm'd the world and all its thrones.

We still delight in thee,
And far across the sea
Send our response in honor of this day;
This day of all the earth
We greet with song and praise,
For it has given birth
Far in the olden days,
To one whose name will outlive clay
When time itself has passed away!

Great is the worth of soul,
Which holds such high control,
O'er other minds as thou dost here possess;
The world's great to-day
Acknowledge still thy sway;
And thy immortal name doth praise and bless
Who first among the sons of men
Great truths did write with inspir'd pen;
O Poet born to rule the age,
The future and the past are thine;
There's wisdom in thine every page
Which thou hast left to hoary time.
We read, and ponder as we read,
On all thy characters portrayed;
And see in every act and deed
Stupendous strength of soul display'd.

To bring a new creation forth,
  Of human forms with voice to tell
The passions, hopes, and loves of earth,
Which chain full oft, as with a spell,
The soul to earth in bliss or woe,
Where sinks the lover, friend and foe.

  O master of the deep-toned lyre,
Who sounded all life's varied tones
From every station to the thrones
  Of jewelled kings, still higher
      On the scroll of fame
      Is thy honor'd name
Than patron princes, nobly born,
With thoughts too mean life to adorn!

      The strain! the strain again!
Touch the chords to louder measure;
      We glory in his name;
And we will guard his hallow'd treasure
Feft to time, while years shall roll
Around the globe from pole to pole,
Gathering, as they still do run,
Immortal honors nobly won!
Thy stream, sweet Avon, glides along
  As smooth as in the days of yore;
When first the poet woke his song,
  And musing wander'd on thy shore.
There weary pilgrims wandering stray,
  To bow before the Poet's shrine;
And think of all that's pass'd away
Of him beyond the the light of day.
  Where honors bright do shine.
Oh, England! much we love thy soil,
  Thou land of free-born, god-like men;
There art and science still doth toil,

And thoughts are writ with burning pen
Which will not be erased by time.
Through every mountain, vale, and glen,
Resounds our Shakspeare's mighty rhyme;
In echoes deep it peals along,
Thro' other climes of art and song.

A MEMORY.

I am thinking, I am thinking, of the days
That are no more,
As I stand here on the barren beach beside
The dreary shore!
Darker grows the dismal sky and wild the
Stormy breakers roar;
Loud the moaning of the forest and their
Rustling branches hoar!

Loved visions pass before me, visions of
The shadowy past;
O, ye forms of memory, sink into
Oblivion fast!
I am sick of all the passions and the
Feelings that are gone;
Long I for a change of prospect and a
Home with love alone.

Love that changes not with years, nor is
Warp'd by cankering time;
Which embodies all true feelings in that
Tender heart of thine!
Love which fills the soul with gladness like
A river running o'er,

Watering all the pleasant vallies, and the
Undulating shore.

Thou art gone and here I wander, sad
And sick, and sore in heart;
Gone in thy youth and beauty, alas! why
Did we meet to part?
Why not cherish in our youth the feelings of
Love's earlier day?
Love should change not through the years, tho'
Time, alas, brings cold decay.

But parting blights the loving heart, else
Estranged we ne'er should be;
Memory shows the picture where the past
Is dear to me.
Dost thou love as when in childhood?
O how weak are words to prove
The feelings of another, when 'tis parting,
Blights fond love.

I am foolish, I am foolish, in thus thinking of
The past;
Yet I hold within a feeling which will end
With death at last;
I care not for the shallow hearted, nor the
Malice which they show;
I will nurse this olden love tho' now 'tis
Shrouded fast in woe.

Love is strength, and hope, and joy, which
Cheers the ardent spirit on;
The morning sun of childhood, on its golden
Jewels shone;
When chaste, and pure, and lovely, it draws
The spirit near the skies;

And man is man, resembling near the lov'd
Forms of Paradise.

Let me roam this hall of childhood while my
Comrades wait without;
Hark! I hear their sneering laughter growing
Loud to mirthful shou
Let them rail, they do not know the feelings
That have brought me here,
Only that I loved a fair one in a dear
Dim faded year.

I will close this faded picture, I will shut
This storied book;
The past is but an idle dream—deep into
The future look!
Yet the love we early cherish is the light
Which guides our way;
Naught is purer, naught is holier—passion
Blooms but to decay.

Hark! the moaning of the ocean, and the sound
Of breaking waves;
Hear I now the mirth and laughter of the
Passion binded slaves;
Nature teaches them no lesson, souls they
Have not love to feel;
Custom's minions, craven hearted, what of love
Can they conceal!

Still I'm thinking, still I'm thinking, of a
Maiden bright and fair,
With a face of star-lit beauty, and a wealth
Of golden hair;
I cannot leave this cherished spot, this old
Hall by the shore,

Without the hope and fond remembrance of
Meeting her once more.

I go, my comrades call; the spell is
Broken, so farewell;
Day now darkens into twilight, and I hear
The vespers bell;
But still oft again I'll visit this wild
Dreary barren shore,
For the thoughts that it awaken'd of a love
I feel once more.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

The flag, the flag of England
Is borne on every breeze,
From where the Southern cross doth s
To the Northern icy seas.
We love it now as when of yore,
Its colors shone on high;
A terror to the might of foes,
The sign of victory.

The flag, the flag of England,
Its guards our native clime;
The emblem of its honored worth,
Whose glory bright doth shine
In history's page, whose truthful light
Reflects the past of fame;
With rays of power that ne'er will fade
While Albion keeps her name.

The flag, the flag of England,
  Our glory, love and pride;
The type of valour, worth and might
  O'er land and ocean wide;
'Neath its bright folds we rest in peace,
  Invaders to defy;
Justice and honor guide its sway,
  For it we bravely die.

SILVIO PELLICO.

WRITTEN WHILE VIEWING HIS PORTRAIT.

Behold! the slave to persecution vile,
Ye who love freedom, and can joyous smile
On all things lovely which fair nature wears,
Look upon him, and on the load he bears;
Which chains a soaring righteous spirit down
In grief, despair; let hate exult to crown
Him as his victim, who through the long years
Did'st bear and suffer, combating all fears,
Without expressing e'en disdain for those
Who were the abettors of his life long woes.
Truth, justice yet will triumph, and thy name
Shall put the malice of thy foes to shame;
Invoking vengeance from that God on high,
On those who robb'd thee of thy liberty,
And all that makes life noble to the free.
Ah! thou art one, who, like the Saviour, knelt
To dire affliction, and who inly felt
The pangs in suffering, yet thy faith in Him
Was such as kept fond hope from growing dim,

Knowing at last that thou would'st have thy rest,
Amid the mansions of the glorious blest,
Pellico still thy name will ever be
Engraved upon the shrine of memory,
For thou in truth hast the world's sympathy.

TO S. M.

A sculptor wrought an image fair
  And placed it in a marble shrine;
And oft thro' hours of toil and care
  He gazed upon its form sublime;
Its beauty haunted his sad soul
  Like love's sweet cherish'd dream;
While hope did cheer his heart to toil
To embody each lov'd scene
Which lives in Nature and in Art,
And doth to life a charm impart.

E'en thus fond one I gaze on thee
  With feelings chaste and pure and strong;
Thine image in love's shrine I see,
  While still thou shalt possess it long;
Absent or present, still to me,
  Thou art the same where'er I roam;
While e'er shall I remember thee
  When far away from this our home;
Tho' other scenes my steps may trace,
Thy smile will brighten all the place.

Thy memory I hold most dear,
  Thy name doth still recall to me

The artless mien, and smile sincere,
So loving in its purity;
Oh! may'st thou be as now thou art,
In future days the child of truth;
May hope, and love, a bliss impart
To illumine still the path of youth
Which leads to that bright world above,
When hearts shall dwell in perfect love.

STANZAS.

The dawn of a glourious freedom breaks,
Which a future day will behold;
The world from the darkness of tyranny wakes,
Fair visions of hope to unfold:
For truth like a star doth brighten the gloom,
Of liberty's perilous hour:
Its bright rays of light, but serve to illume,
When clouds of oppression lower.

Oh! dark is the storm which threatens to break,
O'er Europe so rich in her pride;
See! Poland now struggling for liberty's sake;
In anguish to stem the dark tide.
Her children cry out from the depths of despair,
How long shall this thraldom remain?
Will the God of battles not answer their prayer,
And give them lov'd freedom again?

Truth ever must in the end still be free,
All wisdom is born of the skies;

Though heralded forth in flames yet to be
  A light in the world which ne'er dies.
Take courage then, ye oppress'd, and advance
  The Standard of liberty now;
A time has come when the world from the trance
  Of darkness unshadows its brow.

HOPE.

Hope lies deep in the heart, an unseen gem,
  That oft resists the billows of despair;
  It is a balm unto the wounds of care,
Which cheers the heart to joy, a diadem
  In the soul's temple, which doth brightly shine
  With a radiance earthly and divine.
What joy pervades the soul when Hope's fond light
  Dispels the clouds of gloomy care away,
  'Tis as the coming of the new-born day,
Uprising from the drowsy ear of night;
And when the twilight of our life draws nigh
  There is a hope divine which cheers the heart;
  The heart of age, nor ever shall depart,
Till from this world we seek a better sky.

SONNET.

IMAGINATION.

'Tis a bright picture for the Poet's theme,
  To gaze upon in fond delight,
  Revealing varied scenes to sight,
Clear as the vision of a dream;
Wherein he can embody into thought
  The bright creations of a master mind;
From sweet simplicity to themes well fraught,
  Sublime, ennobling and refined.
Such is thy power, new objects to conceive,
  And on the canvas add a richer glow;
While fancy paints some charming scene to please,
  Fond hopes revive within the poet's soul,
And by thy power stray fancy takes its flight
  To visions fair in fond delight.

THE STREETS.

The autumn sunset's shadows lay
Along the city's famed "Broadway;"
Where everything look'd bright and gay.

And fashion riots in her pride,
And poverty walks side by side
With wealth and ignorance allied.

Where sadd'ning hearts go to and fro
Regardless of each other's woe,
As streams which onward silent flow.

And hopeful spirits stern and brave,
Who will not bow nor sue nor crave
To any power the soul to slave.

Where weak and strong do jostle by,
And vice beneath the pure blue sky
Attracts the charm'd unwilling eye.

And virtue oft walks mildly on
Unsullied in that motley throng,
That to life's shifting scene belong.

Where old age totters on the way,
And youth whose path is often gay,
While childhood lingers in its play.

And thoughtful spirits calm in mien,
Reflecting on life's varied scene,
Walk on oft doubting in a dream.

Where folly's gaudy strut is seen,
And vanity attendant queen,
Assumes a look the most serene.

And souls refined from earth born care,
Whose thoughts are of a land more fair,
Pass on to dwell in fancy there.

These come and go along the street,
The world hears but the tramp of feet,
While strangers, friends and lovers meet.

They pass away, they pass away,
Like mist before the sun's bright ray,
Or clouds that part at dawn of day.

All hopes and fears will buried be
In the realm of God's eternity;

Then death will set each spirit free.

They pass away, they pass away,
As autumn leaves fall to decay,
Or clouds that part at dawn of day.

STANZAS.

Look not back, O soul,
O'er the dreary desert past;
Onward to the future's goal,
Time is flying fast;
Leave all fear behind,
And vain regret and woe;
Shadows oft do blind
The pictures hope would show.

Childhood's but a dream
When seen by manhood's eye;
Love a star serene
In youth's brilliant sky.
The scenes we once did love
We ne'er can love again;
But still stars shine above,
Hope, love doth still remain.

Look not back, O soul,
The present hour is thine;
Onward to the future's goal,
Improve the flying time.
Banish the idle dreams
Which cling to fancied youth;
A brighter light now beams
Of manhood and of truth.

SONNET.

TO C.

I know thee not, but yet I love, fond one,
  You of the yellow tress and mild blue eyes;
  Where float a world of hidden memories
In their full tender glow; young love doth run
To meet thee, but you pass him coldly by,
  As if for thee no heart had ever beat;
  Or a loved step had run thy form to greet,
So innocent art thou of love's sad sigh.
All hearts have their *ideal*, thou art mine,
  A sad remembrance since I know thee not;
  But by these lines I will not be forgot,
This Hope would teach in this my simple rhyme;
  Thou art a smile of love, a joy to me,
  And the fair genius of my destiny.

SONNET.

THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

Immortal sire of song, while now I gaze
  Upon thy portrait as instinct with life;
  It seems as if the present now were rife
With scenes of thee, whom I do love and praise.
Revered thou art by every age and clime,
  Once possessor of that lyre not yet unstrung,
Nor e'er shall be throughout all time,
  As long as Genius waves his wand among
The sons of Science, Art, and Poesy rare,
Thy memory shall glow divinely there;

And while I gaze here now entranced in thought,
On the darkness of that age when thy sun set;
Methinks my memory I'll ne'er forget,
For from nature's page wise lessons thou hast taught.

LINES TO JAMES HANNAY.

Oh Poet true, immortal one,
As are the honored sires of old;
Go on in what thou hast begun,
Worth more to thee than mines of gold.
Thy noble mind the muse inspires,
She, prophet like, foresees thy fame;
And from the ashes of her sires
Doth rise to guard and praise thy name.

The creative soul—God's noblest gift—
The sense of beauty inly born
Are thine; thy noble heart then lift
Above the meanly proud who scorn
The honor due to heaven-born worth,
Which ever will assert its claim;
And rise immortal from the earth,
For God and Genius are the same.

Look into thine own heart and write,
On Nature cast thy glowing eye;
Have faith to look to Him for light,
And sing of earth, the sea and sky.
Exalt the mind, raise up the soul,
Cast passion, pride and envy down;

Seek truth's own shrine and virtue's god,
  Then honor comes with high renown.

Oh! young heart, ardent strong and free,
  Thy task prophetic hope inspires;
She'll guide thee through each stormy sea,
  Her torch is all thy soul requires.
But be thou humble, meek and wise,
  Yet firm to suffer and to do;
All envy, arrogance despise,
  And to thyself be ever true.

The sword of satire you can wield,
  But fight for honor, justice, truth;
Engrave upon your broad round shield
  The motto that becomes your youth.
And fear not those who lightly think
  Your task is foolish, vain, unwise;
From wisdom's fountain deeply drink,
  Nor do the ignorant despise.

Sing on brave heart, such strains are thine,
  America will yet regard,
As treasures of a noble mine,
  Her future good and gifted bard;
The world looks bright before you now,
  Methinks in Fame's proud porch you stand;
The laurels green on your fair brow,
  The pride and honor of our land.

Sing of New Brunswick's hills and streams,
  The woods and groves where we have row'd;
The maidens, ah! what tender dreams
  Are link'd with hearts we fondly lov'd.
They tell us of the blissful past,
  With Hope a star in passion's sky;

Ere grief upon the heart had cast
  A dark'ning pale to cloud the eye.

Oh! sing of friendship, love and youth,
  They are the spirit's fondest ties;
Of memory, hope, faith and truth,
  These too are daughters of the skies.
But chiefly friendship thou art mine,
  Thou dost in truth my muse inspire;
Thy altar is the soul sublime,
  Thy sacrifice life's subtle fire.

Sweet singer of our rugged clime,
  Poetic honors crown thy brow;
And eloquence, that gift sublime,
  Doth from thy mouth in sweetness flow
Thy worship is at beauty's shrine,
  Her influence thy soul can tell;
For poetry and love divine
  Are bound within thy magic spell.

Oh! do thou court the moral muse,
  'Twill feeling give unto thy strain;
Nor of her sacred gifts refuse,
  The poet's fame rests on her name.
The future is most bright and fair,
  Genius, hope and youth are thine;
Thy bow of promise spans the air,
  Farewell sweet singer of our clime.

SONNET.

A MEMORY.

This flower reminds me of the summer past,
  A lady gave it on one ev'ning fair;
  She took it from her golden braided hair,
Saying, in fond tones, "may thy love ever last."
Alas! the tears of memory swell my eyes,
  The past is ever fraught with griet;
  Absence will conquer not, all tender love.
My love a faded withered flower now lies,
  I cannot hope, nor seek relief
From canker'd care; because, in truth I know,
Fond love is burden'd up in sadd'ning woe;
  This flower retains its sweetest perfume still,
And thus the heart retains its grief
  For what is past; this cup I'll joyous fill,
And bind Alene once more a wreath;
  Ere from her presence still to sadly rove.

TO A SWALLOW.

Bird of the summer time,
  Sweet warbler from the vine clad land;
We welcome thee to this cold clime
  And cheerless strand.

Thou fill'st the air with song,
  While every where ye hover on the wing;
The joys of earth to thee belong,
  Sweet harbingers of spring.

Now through the ambient air
  Ye skim and sail while on your fleeting wing;
Why not to shady groves repair,
  The woods with song to ring.

Why choose ye now the streets
  Of cities vast, where close confined ye roam;
Why linger not in green retreats,
  There, there to make your home.

But instinct guides thee here
  To build your nest in old and ruin'd towers;
Wherewith you spend your short fond year
  Of joyous fleeting hours.

How like to thee is man,
  In his short stay he basks in light and gloom;
Till death comes with a power to scan,
  And lay him in the tomb.

Yet joy thou bring'st with thee
  To cheer the heart from memory's burden'd grief;
Oh could I now with thee but flee,
  How soon I'd seek relief.

And leave untasted here
  The cup of short liv'd pleasure and its pain
Alike with thee to guide the year,
  The seasons o'er again.

Bird of the summer time,
  Sweet warbler from the vine clad land;
We welcome thee to this cold clime
  And cheerless strand.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON READING LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE."

Pale stricken one, sweet sister of all woes,
  Thine was a glorious destiny to fulfill;
  But that cold disappointment laid thee ill
Ere thou had'st found the heart's repose.
O, well the Poet has defined in thee
  The strength of love's devotion;
Which like a flame burned unceasingly
  Through thy life's sad commotion.
But all thy wanderings now are o'er,
  A lesson does the muse bestow
To those who travel o'er afflictiod's shore,
  And like thee, know the pangs of woe;
But find at last their race is run,
  And grief despair to weep rlone.

SONNET.

AN AUTUMN MORN.

Golden Aurora has oped her gates
  For jewell'd morn to rise
  With splendor on the eastern skies;
And with them now new joy awaits
  The coming of the new born day,
  Fresh from the lap of morn to stray.
The golden sun peers from yon clouds
  All tint'd in the morning light;
High hung aloft he spreads his shrouds,

Fresh from the pearly dews of night.
There's a splendor on the autumn sky
Most beautiful and fair;
How soft yon clouds reposing lie
Upon the waste of air;
Such beauty does my heart inspire
With far earthly warm desire.

SONNET.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

All nature revives at thy coming tread,
The very earth seems gladden'd at thy sight,
Thou harbinger of joyous light;
Whose train by freshening breezes lead
To deck the field and flowery plain,
And reanimate the moisten'd earth
From Winter's long and dreary reign;
Thou come'st with smiling birth
To cheer the heart and brighten up the eye—
Add bloom to the once sorrowing cheek;
Alas! 'tis sad that flowers in Spring should die,
And the voice grow faint and weak;
Yet come, we wait for those joyous hours,
With genial warmth for the opening flowers.

SONNET.

ANTIQUITY.

All hail! antiquity, spirit of the past,
  That walks the realms of age[illegible]ed,
  To view the relics of the dead,
Immortal while these trophies last.
Thou fill'st the soul with sudden tears,
  Communing with the age of time;
  Or recalling great truth's sublime,
Amid the wreck of long hallow'd years.
As o'er those ruins of ancient lore
  The spirit wings its flight,
Back to its own dear native shore,
  Enraptur'd with delight;
While memory points those scenes to view
In aspect more endearing too.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE RECEIPT OF A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

Thrice welcome now thou art to me,
  Fond token from affection's hand;
  Indited by friendship's command
A pledge of early memory.
This souvenor I hold most dear,
  Tho' dull the interchange of thought;
  Yet still a lesson has it taught
To me, with many words of cheer.

And tho' estranged I still can see
  Thy form again in fancy's view;
  The same when last we bade adieu;
While e'er shall I remember thee
  As long as cherished feelings lie
  Within the heart till life's last sigh.

SONG.

Wilt thou love me as of yore,
  Should thy form I meet again;
Tho' long the silent years have pass'd
  Of sorrow, grief and pain.
Wilt thou pour into mine ear
  The tale of all thy joy;
When last we parted, thou a girl,
  When I was still a boy.

Wilt thou love me as of yore,
  Tho' we ne'er again may meet;
When age comes creeping on
  To steal the roses from thy cheel
Wilt thou still my memory cherish
  Until life's latest day;
When things of this earth perish,
  And night comes not with day.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

Again the Spring makes vegetation bloom
  Amid this spot of lone decay,
  Where thousands now there are that lay
Waiting for Him their pathway to illume.
I am shut out from the cold world,
  An holy influence guides me here;
A brother long to death was hurled,
  And friendship weeps at friendship's bier,
  As memory claims a silent tear
In thinking of the ones who sleep
Forever in the cold sod deep,
  While lost affection hovers near
To pay them tribute with a sigh
Through faith in God with them to lie.

STANZAS.

Long years have passed since last we met,
  Yet memory still will ponder o'er
Those days of youth; can truth forget
  When love and friendship meet once more.

Ah! those were happy days to me,
  The spring time of life's young heart;
When love, joy and constancy
  Were fraught with that which ne'er could part.

Still does memory sometimes brood
  On scenes, alas, that give but pain;

The impulse of some dreamy mood,
  Saddening to the heart again.

Thoughts that linger on the breast,
  Vows of love and constancy;
Dreams of passion oft expressed,
  Recorded then by thee and me.

Never yet shall I forget thee,
  Tho' fate decrees us now to part;
The memory of the past shall linger
  Like a dream unto the heart.

Thus farewell, friend of my childhood,
  Love's destiny my hopes repel;
Redress my wrongs and bid me linger
  'Mid those scenes we lov'd so well.

SONNET.

Weary sad, beside the winter fire
  I sit and ponder on these souls of ours;
  How weak, yet mighty in the powers
Of thought and language; oft we tire
Of toil, cast down by doubt, despair,
  Till blankness comes o'er all, and then
  Cold apathy distrust and fear; the pen
Is laid aside, no thought is born of care,
  Which, soulless we would wish to keep;
The sense of infinite induces prayer;
  This then is our resource, to over-leap
The bounds of passion, sense and pride,
And scale the eternal where God doth reside.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

Dear mother raise me softly,
  I only wish to see
The early Spring's sweet violets,
  The sunshine o'er the lea;
I only wish to look once more
  On what I oft have seen —
The changing glories of the sky,
  The meadow's robe of green.

Tie up those heavy tresses
  Which you braided oft for me,
They press upon my burning brow,
  'Tis all I ask of thee;
Now give thy hand and let me look
  Once more upon thy face;
A light is fading from the earth,
  I soon shall leave this place.

I seem to hear soft music's strain,
  As peaceful now I lie;
An holy calm pervades my soul,
  I fear not now to die;
Draw closer to me mother,
  One kiss and all is o'er;
We'll meet again, no more to part,
  On God's immortal shore.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

My native land, all hail to thee,
  A mother to thy children, dear
  Thou art, and ever will appear
As long as time doth keep us free.

Rejoice, oh heart, in this your pride,
  And love the land of wood and glen,
  Of loyal hearts and patriot men;
Where faction strives not to divide.

But wher peace like the ivy hour,
  Doth d[illegible] the emblem of our love;
  While fe[illegible]y to God above
Will make us strong in virtue more.

'Tis this which makes a nation strong,
  The soul that lives shall never die;
  So virtue thron'd with liberty,
Protects the weak, and guides the wrong.

O native land I cling to thee,
  My fathers rest beneath thy sod
  Where they in early youth have trod
Amid thy scenes of majesty.

Thine are vallies, fair to view,
  Through all the season's changeful time,
  When wrapt in winter's robe sublime,
Or deck'd in summer's gorgeous hue.

Thine are the woods the young heart loves,
  The mountains cloth'd with majesty;
  Methinks thy name, sweet liberty,
Is echoed 'mid the hills and groves.

Thine are the rivers, swift in flow,
  Deep and clear as the sunny sky;
  Where all the shores reflected lie,
As love is imaged by its woe.

A noble race thy bosom warms,
  A branch from off the mighty oak
  Which never yet in battle broke;
For Britons well know war's alarms.

Our fathers fled a foreign strand,
  But not in fear, 'twas but to own
  Their love unto their country's throne,
And find a home in this fair land.

Oh may integrity and truth
  Be linked with honor, peace and love;
  In hearts that fear God's name above,
The guide of manhood and of youth.

Sing on young heart the strain is thine,
  The smile of beauty thou can'st own
  Who bow'd before love's golden throne,
To magic smiles thy heart incline,

Sing of the maidens of our clime,
  With souls fresh as a mountain stream;
  When beauty, love, reflected gleam
From light that comes from the divine.

Pure are the daughters of our land,
  Oh! may their life be always so;
  That neither sorrow, pain nor woe
May blight one flower of beauty's band.

Oh! patriotism, what of thee,
  In ending thus this humble lay;

My heart is with thee every day,
And do thou still remember me.

May nothing sever thee from me,
Thy love implant firm in the heart,
So that when life and love depart,
I press thy hand and smile on thee.

TO A MAYFLOWER.

Sweet pale flower of Spring,
Fond nursling from the breast of April dear;
What joy to hearts ye bring,
Who see thee bloom all spirits sad to cheer.

Thou art in truth o m
A type of beauty, innocence and love;
And youth's first smile you see,
As wander they through forest, field and grove.

When Winter's reign is past
Ere his pale shroud has left the earth's cold breast,
On the expiring blast,
Ye bloom unknown, fair nature's sweetest guest.

How modestly ye bloom,
Like some fair maid unconscious of her charms;
Till she, alas, too soon
Has heard the love which all her full heart warms.

Thou art the fairest child
Old Winter leaves to Spring's most tender care;

Methinks thy spirit mild
Would warm to him in many a prayer,

For thou wast born to him,
His faintest gift to gladden Spring's soft reign;
When first the robin's hymn
Extols sweet nature's praise o'er hill and plain.

When the glorious sun
Has cloth'd the morning in a robe of light;
Far through the wooland dun
I seek thy blossoms 'mid the dews of night.

Amid the bright green grass,
Unseen to vulgar eyes, ye bud and bloom;
And young hearts as they pass
Doth stop to smell thy exquisite perfume.

And wonder as they gaze,
With love and admiration join'd in view,
That thou should'st bloom alway;
When Spring bids Winter stern a long adieu.

Yet fragile not thou art,
Ye cling like love unto the earth's cold breast;
Or like hope in the heart,
Which ever lives to make the spirit blest.

Thou art an emblem fair
Of this, my country, glorious and free;
And may it be our care
To honor and preserve that liberty.

Sweet flower farewell,
There's many a thought enshrined now in thee;
'Twere sad in truth to tell,
Decay will come as i' must [illegible] to me.

Yet still a joy thou art,
A type of beauty, harbinger of love,
Which links the tender heart
To dreams of brighter flowers that bloom above.

SONNET.

Why should the weak make moan, it is the strong who yield
To fatal passions which bear inward sway
O'er heart and brain, and forces them away
From virtue's road to error's trodden field.
Ambition is a tyrant to the mind,
Its dreams illusive, vain deceit and show,
Ah! why not rest content on what we know;
Nor seek to look for what we cannot find.
Peace comes but to the lowly righteous heart,
Who rests content on God and his great love,
Which shadows all things here and all above;
And santifies vain man who feels in part
That all things here are in his sovereign care,
Whose love we comprehend by thought and prayer.

SONNET.

ENGLAND.

England! thrice hallow'd is thy sod,
By martyr'd souls, and deeds of gifted men;
Whose mighty works surpass the feebl'd ken
Of those of other lands; they trod
The soil they lov'd—the poet and the sage;

Rich in that knowledge all then own,
Whilst e'en the sceptre and the crown
Have bow'd to them in love from age to age.
Thou art the nurse of mighty souls,
Thine epochs pregnant with their honor'd fame;
On valley, glen and hill is stamp'd their name,
Immortal while the ocean rolls
Its waters round thy rock bound coast,
They but encircle thee who love them most.

JOHN K. McLAREN.

DIED DEC. 23RD, 1866.

And is this all we know of thee, O friend of years,
Not all, my spirit pensively doth cry,
For love clings not to forms which please the eye;
Thy virtues shine like stars in heavenly spheres,
I see thee yet thro' eye-balls moist with tears
Despite the clay cold bonds which round me cling;
My spirit struggles with vain doubts and fears
To trace the shadow of thought's weary wing,
To comprehend the mystery of death,
And learn of thee beyond the vale of time;
Where life immortal, glorified by faith,
Dwells in a purer air, a fairer clime;
Where love celestial teaches life below
Its hope and faith thro' sorrow, grief and woe.

SONNET.

Spirit of beauty, let me worship thee,
  One offering into thy shrine I bring,
  Who taught our honor'd bards to nobly sing
Of high romance and themes of chivalry.
The poet's world is thine, majestic forms
  Of honor, saintly truth, and chastest love
  There walk, and like lov'd beauteous spirits
    move,
Unconscious of this world's conflicting storms.
Here consolation Milton sought from woe,
  And self-willed Byron taught his spirit scorn,
Whose language like a placid stream doth flow;
  Here Burns embodied into glowing form
His fair creation, which the admiring eye
Of genius loves; his fame will never die.

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